

Ned Wealthy's Last Will.

Since all men must
Return to dust,
Whence they first did spring
I give my gear,
From debts quite clear,
In manner following:

But lest hot broils,
And endless toils,
'Bout my effects arise;
Half to my Sue,
Half to my Prue,
I frankly here devise.

My thrice-soal'd shoes,
My Sunday hose,
A jacket made of leather;
An old straw bed,
That serv'd poor Ned
In boisterous, bad weather.

A pottage pot
My grannum bought,
Whilom of neighbour Stitch
A great arm-chair,
So soft with hair,
'Twould suit a lady's breech.

My crop-ear'd dog,
My bob-tail'd hog,
Pound of black sheep's wool
An ax and saw,
An old jackdaw,
A crazy three-legg'd stool.

A trundle mop,
A mutton chop,
A quart of Holland's gin;
Two candlesticks,
A bunch of leeks,
A chamber-pot of tin.

Some pitch and tar,
An earthen jar,
A milk-pail, sieve & platter;
Two birchen brooms
To sweep your rooms,
An ancient nutmeg-grater

A knife and fork,
Some pickled pork
Would tempt a very Jew;
All these I leave,
And freely give
Unto my daughter Sue.

The Fairy Tales,
Some horse-shoe nails,
A book of Common-pray'r;
A leathern bag,
A leaky cag,
A quart of dead small beer.

Some purging-pills
To cure kibe-heels,
Against sore toes to arm you;
Some rotten wood
That's very good
In winter time to warm you.

A christ'ning can,
A cloofestool pan,
A cupboard, cock & cradle;
An oaken staff,
A lousy calf,
A long sword, lock & ladle.

A rotten cheese,
A pint of pease,
An old mare with one eye;
Some barley bread,
Some mustard-seed,
And fifteen-pence in money.

Now to conclude,
As I've bestow'd
My whole estate among you
Pray, daughters dear,
Always take care
That nobody do cheat you,

Be therefore kind,
And of one mind,
In nought but goodness vie;
Regard your dad,
Spoke this when bad,
And just about to die,